# ORLEANS COUNTY MONITOR.

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have the exclusive right to sell the work in Barton

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in a mile and a half of West Glover, on the road leading om Glover village to West Glover. Buildings all in good condition. Never failing water on the premises. 00 acres cleared. Good sugar orchard of 600 trees thin 20 rods of the house. Farm will be sold with e hay and stock, or without. Tearms made easy, its is one of the best hill farms in the County.

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IN BARTON VILLAGE,

the building now occupied by Geo, C, Davis, for DWELLING HOUSE & GROCERY

BEST LOCATIONS IN THE VILLAGE

ROSWELL H. COREY. Barton, Vt., April 29, 1873.

From the St. Louis Democrat. A PIOUS ARKANSAN.

He wants Some Good Books for his Sunday School, and Expatiates upon the Beauties of a Double-Barrelled Pis-

DOVER. Nov. 3, 1873. My DEAR Boy .- The double-barrel that you sent came safely to hand, and I was only shot at once while carrying it home. Bill Silvers popped at me from behind the fence as I was passing his house, but I had loaded the two shooter as soon as I got it, and he didn't jump from behind that fence but once.

I am glad that one of the barrels is a rifle, as I needed it for long range practice. The other I can load with buckshot, and can riddle a man nicely at close quarters. I mean to try both barrels on those Jetts when I meet them. You see, old man Jett stole a mule from us in the war, and pap laid for him and killed him. Then Nigger Tom Jett, as we call him-the black faced one-he laid for pap and plugged him. Then I picked up a fuss with Tom, and cut him into giblets and since that time his brother Sam has been laying for me. I know it is his turn, but I think my double-barrel will prove too much for him.

If you want to see some fun. come down for a while and bring a rifle. It don't make any difference which side you belong to, and it isn't even necessary to join the militia. It is easy to get up a grudge against somebody, and all you have to do is to lay for your man and knock him over. Behind my pig pen is one of the best hiding places I know of, and it is so handy. A good many people come within range in the course of a week, and a man can pass his time right pleasantly.

I wish you would send me a catalogue of Sunday school books with the prices, if there are any in St. Louis. If we can get them on time we will take a big lot of books. I am Superintendent of the Baptist Sunday school now, and am running it under a full head of steam Old man Byres, who was turned out, is right mad about it, and swears that he will chaw me up; but he will chaw lead if he don't keep clear of me.

My wife wants to know if you can't send her a set of teeth without getting measured for them. Her \$25 set was busted all to flinders by a pistol shot that went through her mouth, but it did not hurt her tongne. Write soon to Your friend and pard,

JOHN CASE. P. S .- That sneaking, ornery cuss of a Tom Jett crept up last night and fired at me through the window, but he didn't happen to kill anybody except a nigger girl. I mean to go for him though, today, and will be glad of a chance to try

# A STORY OF LOVE AND FIDELITY

the double barrel.

Bangor, Me., a young girl of eighteen to whom he was betrothed. Capt. Vincent was but twenty-five when, on that August day, his ship "Laura Sheldon" stood gaily out to sea. No anxiety was felt for his safety until nearly a year had elapsed, and no tidings had been received at home. Years came and went, and hundreds of staunch East Indiamen sailed into American harbors, but never a word regarding the ship "Laura Sheldon" was received. In the meantime the young girl, faithful to the memory of her sailor lover, remained unmarried, re-XPERIENCED WORKMEN. fusing many advantageous offers from suitors her equal in social position and intellectual culture, for she is a lady of superior mind. Through all these 29 years of silence she had been hopeful. and indeed cheerful. She has never despaired of the return of her lover .-On the 15th day of September a letter was received by her aged mother postmarked "Liverpool." The writer was Captain Charles Vincent, now a man of 54 years. He asked her to inform if her daughter was still unmarried, and said if the reply was to that effect that am selling by sample a book published by Burr & de, entitled The Great Industries of the U. S. A. is an interesting work for old and young, male or hale of all callings by profession, the Minister, Doctal of all callings by profession carefully concealing everything from her daughter. On the first day of November last, Captain Vincent alighted from the stage at the door of his betrothed. Of the circumstances of the joyous meeting of the long separated lovers we are not permitted to speak; they are too sacred for the public ear. Capt. Vincent's story would fill a volume. The "Laura Sheldon" was shipwrecked in the Indian ocean, and only the captain and one sailor survived. They were rescued from their perilous condition on a raf after two days by a brig bound to China, In one of the Chinese seaports Captain Vincent lived for years, a clerk in an English trading house. He wrote several letters home but received no answer. He gradually became prosperous in busi

> A poor but honest young lady wh earns a living by working on hoop skirts. in reply to an inquiry, stated that she had spent the summer at the springs."

> ness, and will return to China in a few

months with his bride.

riosity satisfied is wisdom.

MY FAMILIAR.

BY JOHN G. SAXE. Again I hear that creaking step!— He's rapping at the door!— Too well I know the boding sound That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my fees.
But heaven defend me from a friend
Who comes—but never goes!

He drops into my easy chair, And assa about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strangest liberties,—
But never takes his leave!

He reads my daily paper through Before I've seen a word; He scans the lyric (that I wrote) And thinks it quite absurd; e calmly smokes my last eigar, And coolly asks for more; He opens everything he sees— Except the entry door!

He talks about his fragile health, And tells me of his pains
He suffers from a score of fils
Of which he ne'er complains:
And how he struggled once with death
To keep the floud at bay;
On themes like these away he goes—
But never goes away!

Some shallow critic wrote:
And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote:
He thinks the writer did me wrong:
He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things—
But rever says 'Adieu!' When'er he comes-that dreadful man-Disguise it as I may, I know that, like an Autumn rain

He'll last throughout the day. In vain I speak of urgent tasks; In vain I scowl and pout; A frown is no extinguisher,— It does not put him out! I mean to take the knocker off, Put craye upon the door, Or hint to John that I am gone To stay a month or more I do not tremble when I meet The stoutest of my foes. But beaven defend me from a friend

The never, never gees! Mrs. O'Leary wonders "if thim Bo ting spalpeens will be after schwearing that it was her poor baste of a cow that burned their city.

St. Louis had him this time: Hotch kins, physician, one hundred and forty vears old: died of small-pox: "oldest Free Mason;" remembered Washington; never had a day's sickness.

The Danbury, (Ct.) News, says:-An inebriate stranger precipitated himself down the depot stairs, and, on striking the landing, reproachfully apostrophized himself with: "If you'd been a wantin' to come down stairs, why'n thunder didn't vou say so, vou woodenheaded ole fool, an' I'd a come with you an' showed you the way."

In San Francisco, recently, a lady called at a dressmaker's to get a dress made. She had twenty-three yards silk, costing \$40, and paid \$15 for making the dress. The dress did not her-it was too small. She brought suit for the recovery of the value of the dress and the money paid for making it, and obtained judgment for the full amount.

We learn from the Lafayette. Ind. Journal of the 15th ult, that on the Friday before, a citizen of Danville, Ill., was buried. After the funeral cortege had started, a snake of the blue-racer species was observed following behind. It continued thus to follow until the cemetery was reached, when the serpent jumped into the grave and coiled himself around the box containing the coffin. It there remained until the sexton despatched it and laid it out upon the ground. Captain Charles Vincent sailed from A band of music headed the proces-Boston for Culcutta in the month of Aug. sion, and the question is, whether it was 1853. He left, in a quiet town near that or some other cause which led the singular conduct on the part of the

The Drifield correspondent of the Liverpool Courier forwards to journal the following item: There is at present living in Drifield, in vigorous health, a fine large toirtoise reputed to be two hundred years old. It was one of the live pets of the late Miss M. B Tonge, of Drifield who died a few weeks ago. On the sale of her effects it was presented to Mrs. Scotchburn, of Drifield, in whose possession it now is. It is stated to have been in Miss Tonge's family one hundred years, and it bears marks on its shell which indicate that it is two hundred years of age. Those acquainted with the habits of the toirtoise know that it adds an additional shell every fifty years, and this toirtoise has four such scales. The common age of the toirtoise is reckoned at eighty years, but there are many well authenticated instances of their having lived a much longer time. There was one in the Archbishop of Canterbury's garden, at Lanbeth, which was known to have lived above one hundred and twenty years.

This is Abraham Lincoln's first stump about eleven miles from Springfield. which there was a small fight in which

it will be all the same."

Heroes.

Heroes are still among us. Centuries have not spoiled the old strain, civilization has not washed out its strength; for what is heroism, after all, but contempt of death, disregard of life and of all that makes life precious, as set against The old Stagirite-whose treatise is the one work which we pos sess in which the moral nature of man seems adequately analyzed-places, courage, or, as the Hellenes called it, "manliness," highest of all the virtues. His sketch of the "manly" man stands out even now, clear, distinct, beautiful as an Attic temple in the blue and golden light of an Athenian morning. Critics-young men at Oxford-discover with wonder that it is "very modern in its tone," forgetting that truth is of all time, and will always be "modern" to those who hold that each age has, or ought to have, a special light of its own. Manliness, says Aristotle, shows itself fresh life and strength to the desolate; in contempt of what men hold terrible, and at last-when all his strength had and pre-eminently in contempt of that gone, when those stout limbs were cold which men hold the most terrible of all and numbed and well-nigh dead, and things, namely, death-death beyond faintness, brought on by the deluging which lies nothingness, at the stroke of salt spray and the dreadful blinding sun which whatever we care for and hold had set in, even then the brave man dies dear melts away into darkness. But this as he ought to have died-ending no is not all. Mere contempt of death even bly. "I told him," says Fraser, "that the stupid barbarian can show. Bravest if he couldn't hold on I would lash him is he who, knowing all that he has to He then made some exclamation about lose, yet unflinchingly prefers death to his poor wife, and said, "I will try to shame; who-like the Spartans that stand it," but a huge wave, rearing its went out to hold Thermopylæ against hundred foaming crests against the skies, the whole strength of the East-can bid washed Paul Elson off-his body to the farewell to wife and child, to parents deep, and his soul to his God. and home, and set boldly out on a march from which his feet will never return. for a nobler death than this? Paul Centuries have rolled away since Aris-Elson has passed away; his body floats totle wrote his "Ethics." Christianity off the lonely Hooghly mouth. If miss has taught us what the Greek philosoed by the sharks, it will be washed pher stoutly denied-the value of the ashore on some foul mud swamp, rank belief in our immortality- and has put and fetid as the banks of the Thames at in place of the Hellenic ideal of honor low water. There it will ground among -of the Kalon-our modern notion of the crawling mangrove roots, a prey to

duty. But yet the Aristotlelian "natural history of manliness," if we may so call it, remains as true as it was when that wise and clear thinker penned it for the reading of the world's greatest conqueror. The hero, the brave and really "manly" man, is he who prefers duty to life, who can see nothing before him but the duty; who simply, quietly, and unostentatiously does nothing else. Is it too much to boast that Englishmen above all others hold it pride and glory thus to die. They were English soldiers who-when the boats with the women and children, and sailors sufficient to man them, pulled away from the ill-

fated Birkenhead-stood to their colors upon deck, and went down each man in his place, as unmoved as though they were standing upon parade. But, noble as is the tale of Birkenhead, it yet finds its parallel, in the account of the death of Paul Elson, English pilot, in charge of the ship Rothesay. On the 29th of July, this vessel which had three days before cast off the Calcutta tug and stemmed safely out of the horrible jungles and swamps of the Sunderbunds, was caught by a cyclone. On

the 30th she lay a wreck, all hope of saving her long past. Then the pilot, Paul Elson-the man who seems to have had his wits about him-collected a few volunteers and rigged a raft. Thirtcen only of the crew got on her; the rest were frantic with terror-some praying, others drunk, others raving, others lashed inextricably to the sinking vessel. Elson was the last to leave the ship; leaping overboard, he swam to the raft, cut the hawser that held her, and constituted himself by inherent right her sole officer. Within an hour the doomed vessel heeled, lurched heavily, and went down head first. All that day and all that night the raft drifted, heavy seas breaking over her; "we were up to our necks in water," says the man who tells the tale, "for she floated low." All that night, however, Elton, who was a powerful swimmer, swam round and round the raft, lashing her together and strengthening her as best he could. Ever and anon the furious breakers washed a man off. And then would the brave

pilot, who had not only the heart but It was delivered at Pappsville | the strength of a giant, strike out towards him and carry the drowning wretch There had been an auction sale, after back. But at last it became apparent that the raft must be broken up, and one of Mr. Lincoln's friends got the that a second and smaller raft must be worst of it. Whereupon Abraham step- constructed to relieve the other. This, ping into the crowd, he shouldered them | too, the pilot effected almost singlehandsternly away from his man, until he met | ed. The huge raft floated away into a fellow who refused to fall back : him | night. Elson and three other men took to the smaller; while on the other driftseat of the breeches, and tossed him ten ed away a native boy. Paul Elson's seror twelve feet easily. After this episode | vant; of whom, hitherto, in the midst of -as characteristic of him as of the times all his terrible toil the brave pilot had -he mounted the platform, and deliver- never once lost sight. "He kept near of the dead girl appeared before them ed, with awkward modesty, the follow- him; he tended him as a mother would and spoke faintly. When the horrified ing speech :- "Gentlemen and Fellow tend her child; he gave him our last attendants had somewhat overcome their citizens, I presume you all know who I supply of drinkable water." The ves- fright and seeing that the supposed and glorified by the golden sunshine of am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. sel had sunk on the 30th of July: it corpse was really a thing of life, they I have been solicited by many friends to was now the 2nd of August. The raft took measures to care for their friend so become a candidate for the Legislature. | was drifting under a raging tropical sun; | startlingly restored to them almost from My politics are short and sweet, like for three days there had been no food, the grave, and received proper attention, the old woman's dance. I am in favor no water; worse than this, the frail supof a national bank. I am in favor of port itself began to break up, and swimthe internal improvement system and a ming about in a heavy surf, Paul Elson high protective tariff. These are my became much exhausted. The end, of sentiments and political principles. If course, could not now be far off. First, Cunning is curiosity satisfied, and cu- elected, I shall be thankful; if not, one of the men was washed away, and then another, until Elson himself and

ANECDOTES OF CHIEF JUSTICE the Scotchman who tells the story were MARSHALL. the sole survivors. "Pilot," said I,-

Judge Marshall's simplicity of characso the narrative runs-"we must fight it ter and absent mindedness have been the through!' 'Oh. Frasier!' answered he, theme of a number of anecdotes. The I can't hold out any longer.' O O Then one best known is about his puzzle over a heavy sea broke upon us, and knockthe buggy and sapling. Turning aside ed him off. I found it impossible to one day to avoid one of those awful mud hang on, and was forced to let him go." holes which abound in Virginia country And so the story ends. The body of roads, the axle of his buggy came in con-Pilot Elson, worn out by his incessant tact with a stout sapling. The sapling labors, floats away into the great deep. was between the hub of the wheel and there to lie till the sea shall give up its the body of the buggy. Too big to bend dead. For hour after hour he had ladown and to supple to break, this sap bored and toiled, wasting himself and ling seemed to the judge to be wholly unhis strength in the effort to succor those conquerable. What to do he knew not. whom he had under his charge. A hun-He got down out of his buggy the better dred times over he forgot to think of to apply his great intellect to the knotty himself; he broke his great heart in an subject and to study it thoroughly out obstinate effort to save, not himself, but While pondering vainly a negro man the others. All night he swam around came along. the raft, tightening a rope here, wedg-"Uncle," said the chief justice, ing in a spar there; when the native wish you would tell me about this sapboy was delirious he handed him the ling. I can't get over it and I can't go last drop of water; when hope grew-desaround it, and I don't want to stay here perate his cheery voice brought back all day and miss the court. What do

Who can wish for a brighter example

crabs and other vile creatures of the fou

morass. Vultures will flock to it; al

ligators will scramble over it ; the brave

man's bones will lie bleaching till the

day comes when they shall be hidden by

Nature's hands; but who, be his creed

what it may, can doubt that Paul Elson

late pilot of the Rothesay, is now rated

high on the books of life: that his valor

has its reward; that his good deeds are

ritten down? What he had to give

as his life; and this he freely and un-

paringly lavished to save the lives of

thers. The French cynic, being asked

why he valued existence, replied that,

little as it was, it yet was all that the

spite of fate allowed us to call our own.

To a warm-hearted man, such as was

this brave pilot, life is no such private

matter. Dear to such dispositions as

Paul Elson's are the embraces of their

wives, the prattle of their little ones

round their knee, the silver head of the

father sitting by the fireside; of the

mother, who is old, but yet full of all

life's pride as the sight of her brave

stalwart son blesses her failing eyes.

All this the man gave up; from first to

last he never once thought of himself:

he was pilot of the ill-fated Rothesay,

and his duty was to his ship. When

his ship went down his duty was to her

moment when the cyclone broke, to the

terrible hour when the great curling

wave knocked the life out of him, the

It is one thing to die in the full thunder

of battle-to fall, calling forward the

bold ranks to victory, and holding up

in the gay sunlight the cherished ban

ner, split and torn to ribbons with sho

and shell. Another kind of death than

out of him by the fierce, relentless, trop

ical sun. And yet-though in a year

or two his name itself will be forgotten

-among those who cherish and honor

great deeds, his memory can never fade.

He did all that man could do; he died

as man should die : and when the Gold-

en Book is made up, and the roll of gen-

interment and placed in the coffin.

night before the day of the funeral

seated in the room adjoining that

and is now likely to recover.

but silent grin. "Why, ole master," said he, "I spec's you'd better back yo buggy till yo' git clar ob de saplin', den turn de head ob vo' hoss, and den vo' can 'void de saplin' an' go to cote slick as goose-grease.' "Thank you-thank you kindly, uncle. should never have thought of that in

you think I had better do?"

mind. There's half a dollar for you." And the judge drove joyfully off. Another anecdote, illustrating the same simple mindedness and easy good nature, has, so far as I am aware, never been in print. It is this: When judge Marshall lived in Richmond, his opposite neighbor was Col. Pickett, father of the confederate general, Geo. E. Pickett, of Gettysburg fame. Col. Pickett was a nan of wealth, lived well, and was not content unless everything about his household bore the marks of good living. His horses were his pride, and were conspicuous everywhere for the splendid appearance, being as sleek, fat and high spirited as abundant food and excellent grooming could make them. Judge Marshall's horses, on the other hand, were notoriously lean and unkempt. Everybody but the judge had long remarked this. At last it was brought to his notice, with the suggestion that his carriage driver neglected the horses, sold much of their

own use, a good deal of it going, no doubt for liquor. The judge called him up without delay: "Dick, what is the reason Col. Pickett's horses are in such splendid condition, while mine are almost skeletons? I am afraid you neglect them, don't half curry them, and don't half feed them."

food, and appropriated the money to his

Dick, not expecting the attack, was fairly posed. He hemmed and hawed awhile till he could gather his negro wits about him, and then said: "Mars John, look at you-is you fat?".

"No," said the judge, "decidedly not." "Well, look at old miss," (Mrs. Marshall)-is she fat?"

"No." "Den look at me-is I fat?"

"Den look at yo' horses-is dey fat?"

erew; and so from first to last, from the "Now den, you jes' look at Kunnie Pickett. He fat, his ca'idge driver fat, his horses fat, his dogs fat-all fat. De troof is, Mars John, fat run in the Picksturdy, simple-hearted fellow worked ett fam'ly, and it don't run in our'n .steadily on, spending himself for others. Dat's all.'

"Well," said the judge after a little reflection, "there's a good deal in that It never occurred to me before." He turned back into his study, and Dick was never troubled any more. - Lippinthis was Elson's. His life was beaten

A FAREWELL APOSTROPHY .- The following words from Col. Evans' letter. bidding adieu to California, just before he sailed on the voyage destined to be his last, were published in the Chicago Tribune, and now possess an almost pathetic interest:

"I left San Francisco on the morning of Saturday, Sept. 15. The sky was, as uine heroes called over, amongst them will answer to his name Paul Elson, pi- it is ever at this season in God's thrice lot of the Rothesay, whose life was bat- favored land, clear and unclouded, and, tered out of him because he stuck to his as I looked down on the city and bay of San Francisco, from the summit of Russian Hill, the view was a glorious one-A few days since a young lady of Urone that I shall long remember. When bana, Ohio, who had been ill a short shall I look upon it again? time, died, and the body was prepared The white fleecy mist was rolling in

by sorrowing friends and attendants for through the Golden Gate, filling the channel which leads up to the broad bay of San Francisco; and the mournful tollnumber of young lady watchers were ing of the fog-bell of Alcatraz, like the deep pulsations of some great heart in which the coffin had been placed, when, its lonely agony, produced on me, at greatly to their consternation, the figure such a moment, a strange and saddening effect. But before me was the magnificent landscape of Alameda and Contra Costa, and the city at my feet, beautified autumn: and right before me, coming down, as it were, on a pathway of flowers stretching out from the farther shore. across the blue waves of the bay, was the steamer which was coming to bear me away from home and friends, on a the wheel was clogged by eels to the Grant's popular majority is the largest journey into foreign lands, and regions quantity of several bushels, which had ever given to a president. His vote is the largest vote; he has more electoral tains I could not see; backwards I dare | ing. It was cleaned out and was clogged votes and a larger majority of the Elec-

JOSH BILLINGS ON THE MULE.

The mule is haf hoss, and haf Jack-

ass, and then kums tu a full stop, natur diskovering her mistake. Tha weigh more, akordin tu their heft, than enny other kreetur, except a crowbar. Tha kant hear enny quicker, nor further than the hoss, yet their ears are big enough for snow shoes. You kan trust them with any one whose life aint worth any more than the mules. The only way tu keep them into a paster, is to turn them into a medder jineing, and let them jump out. Tha are reddy for use, just as soon as tha will du tu abuse. Tha haint got enny friends, and will live on huckel berry brush, with an occasional chanse at Kanada thistels. Tha are a modern invenshun, i don't think the Bible deludes tu them at tall. Tha sell for more money than enny other domestick animile. Yu kant tell their age by looking into their mouth, enny more than you kould a Mixican cannons. The never hav no dissease that a good club wont heal. If the ever die the must kum rite tu life agin, for i never herd The negro could not repress a broad nobody say "ded mule." They are like sum men, verry korrupt at harte; ive known them tu be good mules for six months, just tu git a good chanse to kick sumbody. I never owned one, nor never mean to, unless there is a United Staits law passed, requiring it. The only reason why tha are pashunt, is bekause tha are ashamed ov themselves. I hav seen the world. You are a man of superior eddikated mules in a sirkus. Tha kud kick, and bite tremenjis. I would no sa what I am forced to sa again the mule if his birth want an outrage, and man want tu blame for it. Enny man who is willin to drive a mule, ought to be ex empt from runnin for the legislatur .-Tha are the strongest creetures on earth and heaviest according to their size: I herd tell ov one who fell oph from the tow path, on the Eri kanawl, and sunk

> knew an auctioneer tu lie unless it was absolutely convenient. LEGISLATIVE JOKES .- The "wisdom and virtue" of the State are sometimes given to jokes as well as other people, and among others one is related which I do not remember to have seen in print. though it may have been. It occurred years ago when Moses Cheney was the "member from Barnard." In the introduction and passage of corporation bills and charters, they are so similar in form that it is customary for some one or the member introducing them, to move that "as they are in the usual form they be read by their titles only," and no one objecting, they are so read. On the ochad been in the habit of addressing the House on nearly every question, and regarded as very prosy at that, arose and in his usual manner began to address the House. Mr. Cheney stood it for a few moments and then jumped to his feet and interrupting said: "Mr. Speaker:-As the speech of the gentleman from - appears to be in the usual form, I move that he have leave to deliver it by its title only." The effect of this motion upset the gravity of both Speaker and House for some moments and it was regarded as beneficial for

several legislatures following .- [Ex. One of the most touching incidents of devotion the world has ever known was the last act in the life of John Walker, the fireman on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad a week ago. He was caught between the foot-board and the hot wall of the engine's furnace, and, from the horrible position, it was impossible to extricate him. When he first realized the frightful death awaiting him he implor ed those around him to kill him at once rather than to allow him to die slowly Then, in a moment becoming calm, with that perfect self-renunciation with which life ends, he forgot his own agony, and with his dying hand, wrote a farewell message to his wife, that she might know his last thoughts were of her.

A MAN WITHOUT AN ADVERTISEMENT. -Talk about a woman without a baby a man without a wife, a ship without rudder. What is the lack of each of these individuals or things to that of a man without an advertisement? He is as David Crockett says, a hopeless cuss tomer, a "goner in the community:"-Talk of being successful in business You might as well talk of ascending to the moon on a greased moonbeam. People point at him in the street, and say: "Poor Cassius has a lean and hungry look." It may, however, be consoling to him to reflect that when he dies he will be advertised at last, and gratuitously at that. - Exchange.

A MILL STOPPED BY EELS .- Last week a most remarkable stoppage of a mill by eels clogging the wheel occurred at Hundley's mill, below Spring Hill, in this county. The mill stopped, and the miller, upon searching out the cause, found strange and new. Beyond the moun- gotten into it and stopped it from turntoral College than any other president not look; God knows what is before us several times again during the day .-Staunton (Va.) Vindicator.

THE ELEPHANT IN LOVE.-Cassell's Natural History says elephants are susceptible of the most tender attachment to one another, and relates the following occurrence: Two very young elephants -male and female-had been separated in order to be conveyed singly to Paris; and, not having seen one another for several months, the joy they expressed on meeting again is not to be described. Running instantly together, they uttered a cry of delight that shook the whole building, and blew the air out of their trunks with a violence resembling the blast of the smith's bellows. The female's pleasure seemed to be more lively; she expressed it by moving her ears with astonishing rapidity, and tenderly twining her trunk around the body of the male. She laid it particularly to his ear, where she held it for a considerable time motionless, and, after having folded it again about his body, she applied it to her own mouth. The male in like manner folded his trunk around the body of the female, and the pleasure he felt seemed to be of a more sentimental kind, for he expressed it by shedding an abundance of tears. Afterwards they had a stable in common, and their mu-

A HERMIT'S ATTEMPT AT COURTSHIP. -The following incident is related of Joseph Plummer, the far-famed hermit of Meredith Hill, N. H.:

tual attachment excited much interest.

He never tried courting but in a singinstance, so far as tradition informs Two of his brothers married into the family of Deacon Fox on Meredith Hill, and Joseph on one occasion made up his mind to sally forth from his rereat and woo the remaining daughter. He was somewhat original in his method, and broke down in his project. He went up to the deacon's and quietly took his position in the bedroom of his ladyove, and when she, on retiring for the as soon as he touched bottom, but he night, opened her bedroom door, her askept rite on towing the boat tu the next tonished eves fell on the white-robed stashun, breathing thru his ears, which spectre sitting on her bed. She made a stuck out ov the water about 2 feet 6 rush with screams down stairs into the inches; i didn't see this did, but an deacon's bedroom, with Joseph close afauctioneer told me ov it, and i never ter her. The deacon solemnly said, on learning the facts, "Joseph, that is not the way to court," to which he replied "There is more than one way to do it." Meanwhile the girl had fled to a neighboring house half frightened to death. and that ended Joseph's efforts for a

LOVE, JEALOUSY AND SUICIDE IN MAN-CHESTER, N. H .- On Saturday morning a man by the name of Frank B. Kimball was found dead in a room in Wells Block, with a bottle of morphine near by. It appears that the room was occupied by a woman named Mary J. Bohannon. with whom Kimball had been on terms of intimacy until she found another lovcasion above referred to, a member who er. On Friday night he called at her room, but was refused admittance, when he burst the door open. She thereupon went out and lodged elsewhere. Both parties came from Alexandria two years ago, where Kimball left a wife and five children, and the woman a husband .-Kimball was a carpenter by trade, and about 45 years of age. Upon a stand in the room in which he died the following note was found: .

> "I want you to remember that you are the cause of this. I feel very bad for you, the only one I love, and I have told you that my life depended on you. I have gone, and I want you to be good; don't disuse anybody as you have me. God bless vou. You have caused me to do what I have. Be good, won't you? Farewell. It is done. Farewell, all. God love me and vou."

The Milwaukee Sentinel has discovered a new blessing to our people as a result of the war :- "In various ways the war shows itself in our people. They are no longer subject to panic. Before 1860, either the Chicago fire or the Boston fire would have caused a Bull Run Commercial disaster. Now such a calamity finds them nerved for necessary action. The croakers of the press predicted a financial crash the next day after the fire. The mass of business men meet the exigencies, as our soldiers stood their guns in the later battles of the war. Our people are calmer, steadier, firmer, more courageous 14 misfortune since the stupendous crisis of the rebellion than before. A nation that sternly gave, directly and indirectly, six or eight thousand millions of its treasures and poured out its precious blood like water to preserve its life, is not likely to faint in financial hysterics at the sight of one city in flames."

A Poughkeepsie couple, just married, stopped in Albany, N. Y., and the husband left his bride at a hotel while he went to get a check cashed. In his absence her father appeared and induced her to depart with him, and when the husband discovered her flight he said he could stand it as long as she could, and immediately started West.

A man who was driven out of Virginia on account of his loyal sentiments, on hearing that Grant had carried the state, sang out:

"Oh, carry me back to Old Virginia," &c., and the last seen of him he was making preparations to go.